

The Christian Worker

ORGAN OF CALVARY PARISH, TARBORO, N. C.

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REV. BERTRAM E. BROWN,
Editor.

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Business Manager

GOD FIRST.

The tender calm of the early morning, the dew-laden flowers and leaves of the churchyard, the little birds' songs of welcome to the day, the natural sense of freshness and innocence and infant sweetness that belongs only to morning hours, all these things prepare us for the Early Celebration of the Holy Communion, and make it the most joyous and most gracious worship of all our full and overflowing Sunday. Here is a little verse I found the other day, that may express these thoughts for me more impressively than my prose—

"The hush of the early morning:
The chimings soft and low:
The dim half-dusk of the chapel:
And the pigeon's faint rattle:
Then a calm of radiant blessing:
And a wording of heart-felt prayer.
While we kneel in adoration.
For our Lord and Saviour there."

Try coming to the Holy Communion in the early hours of the Lord's Day, and see if your whole week is not spent in closer communion with Him.

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The Christian Worker

"As Workers Together With Him"

Vol. 1

TARBORO, N. C., JULY, 1913

No. 10

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THINK ABOUT THIS.

True happiness lies in living for others and not for oneself. Every great sage and philosopher who ever lived asserted that fact in one form or another, and the actual experience of every man who ever tried it proves it to be so. Being a Christian simply means living by the Holy Spirit's help for God and other people and not for yourself. If you want to be happy, as you certainly do if you are human, come and let God make you a Christian.



You must believe in somebody to get on at all in this life. Some may tell you that the greatest success comes to him who has most confidence in himself, but that is not true. The crazy man who is shut up because he thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte or God is simply a man with too much confidence in himself. The defaulter who thinks to make a fortune from stolen money and ends in prison, owes all his disaster to believing too much in himself. In whom must I believe, then? Why, believe in God!



How much must I give to the

Church? Well, you cannot give anything to God through the Church or through any other channel. You cannot give God anything at all, because if you put all you have in God's hands you would not nearly pay the debt you owe Him. What you have been considering your gift to God was only a part payment of your debt to God. Get out of the habit of considering God an object of your charity, and learn to consider Him as your creditor to whom as an honest man you are paying a debt, and the problem of your contributions to Church and charity will solve itself.



"I want a boy to stay partly in doors and partly outdoors," said the storekeeper to the applicant for a job. "But," said the boy, "what will become of me when the door slams shut?" Now, God has positively announced that He does *not* want that kind of a boy. You may think you are getting on all right, spending your time partly inside and partly outside of God's service—but, dear brother, what are you going to do when the door slams shut!"

WHY DON'T YOU GO TO CHURCH ?

You are going to say you work so hard during the week that you must rest all day Sunday, and that is the reason you don't go to Church. Now, you say you rest on Sunday, and you think you do, but as a matter of fact you do not. Here is what you actually do, isn't it? You lie around the house and eat twice as much as usual, and smoke three times as much. By twelve o'clock you are so bored and tired of doing nothing that you welcome the excuse of walking down town in the sun to get the mail. You nod and doze and snore all the afternoon over your paper and wake up with your Sunday clothes all wrinkled, feeling mean enough to bite a ten-penny nail in two. You try to eat your cold Sunday night supper with no appetite for it, and go to bed at nine o'clock because

you are too worn out and stewed out and tired out to stay up any longer.

You thought you were resting but you were only loafing, and loafing is the hardest work in the world. Did you ever see a loafer who didn't look tired to death all the time? People who try hard to rest are always tired.

What you need is an hour in the morning and an hour at night at church: two hours in the sweet quietude of God's House; the music, the Bible-reading, the sermon, the diversion which comes from new exercise of your thought and interest, will rest you more, physically, morally and mentally, than all those idle, useless, loafing, empty, tiresome, sluggish hours you spent trying so hard to rest at home.

Why don't you go to church!

AN OLD INCIDENT AND ITS MORAL.

A long time ago there lived in Tarboro an old gentleman named Peter B. Lawrence. He was cashier of the bank located in the old brick bank building on Trade street, and as all bank cashiers ought to be, he was a devout Christian man.

One day he sat reading his Bible on his front porch. A storm arose, the sky grew dark, the rising wind soughed mournfully, the clouds burst and the driving rain fell in sheets, but he was so absorbed in his reading that he heeded not the tumult of the elements.

Then came a blinding flash, and a lightning bolt rent from branches to root a great tree

near by. Neighbors looking out of their windows and seeing him sitting still in his chair, rushed over in alarm, fearing to find him dead or stunned.

But he was all unhurt, and still so intent upon the sacred page, that he had not seen the flash nor heard the awful thunder crash nor realized the havoc wrought at his very doorstep.

Moral—Over him whose soul is fixed on God, the storms and tumults and dangers and disasters of this world that threaten him pass unfeared and unheeded.

"Is thy burden hard and heavy?"

Do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden:

God will bear both it and thee."

RBR
ETam
#1610

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell is one of the most famous of the Dissenting clergy of England, and Father Stanton was the foremost of the extreme ritualists in the Church of England. In all non-essential things these two men were about as far apart as two Christians can be. How near together in heart all true Christians are, is shown by these words of the Rev. Mr. Campbell in reference to Father Stanton's death—

"On Tuesday morning, as I knelt amid the throng of worshippers in St. Alban's, Holborn, in reverence to the memory of a noble servant of God who had entered into his rest, I could not but feel overcome with the thought of how little anything matters in this world except to live for Christ. Here was a man in whom for over half a century Christ had been sweetly manifest for the healing of broken hearts and the cleansing of sinful lives; and now, as we say, he has been called home. Why, he has been travelling homeward all those fifty years! Death has done nothing except remove the clog of the fleshly body and allow dear Father Stanton's Christlike soul to function in the spiritual body his life has been fashioning for him throughout his beautiful ministry.

When the service in the church was over, and the procession started towards the distant grave, I saw a poor woman—very poor looking indeed—step into the aisle and throw a tiny bunch of rather ragged looking flowers in front of the coffin. They were soon trampled to pieces by the feet of the people who passed over them, but I felt

inclined to pick them up and carry them away. The act was so symbolic of the truth we were all engaged in recognizing. Father Stanton's spirit was going home over the flower-strewn pathway of the love and gratitude of those to whom he had been a true priest of the risen Lord. And shall one ever forget the sight as the procession moved down the crowded Holborn thoroughfare!—men and women kneeling in the rainy street as it passed, and even the passengers on the tops of the omnibuses standing with bared heads and joining in the strains of 'Rock of Ages'? What a triumphant home-going! I would rather live and die like Father Stanton than wear the proudest diadem that earth could offer; and if I could feel that even one such tribute could be paid to my memory as the casting of those few flowers before his coffin, I should consider it a greater honor than to have been buried with all the pomp and pageantry the world could furnish."

THE KING'S CROWN JEWEL.

'Tis the King's birthday;
Therefore an offering
'Tis decent right and just
That I should give the King."

So one who loved Him said,
And, taking what he had,
Set out; but on the way
He met a hungry lad,

An old wife, a small child,
A sick man—and the poor
Gifts went to them. He placed
Inside a prison door.

The last; downcast and slow
And empty-handed came
Before the King; and, lo!
He saw a new gem flame

In the King's crown and heard
His voice "Thanks, friend; for see,
The gifts you gave to those
Made this you gave to Me."

—Rev. Louis Tucker.

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Tarboro, N. C., July, 1913

QUESTION BOX

Q. What is the Apocrypha?

A. Certain books of the Jews which were written not in Hebrew originally but in Greek, and appended to the Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Whether they should be considered a part of the Bible has been and is still a matter of debate among Christians. Our Church adopts a middle view between that of the Roman Catholic Church, which takes most of them as sacred Scripture, and the rest of Protestantism, which repudiates them altogether. Chapters from some of them are read for the First Lesson in Morning and Evening Prayer on certain days, and they are found in our Chancel Bibles but not in the small Bibles for individual use. The VI Article of Religion found on the last pages of your Prayer Books gives a list of them and explains the Church's doctrine concerning them.

You may be interested in the following extract from the "I Book of Esdras," Chapter III:

"Then three young men, that were of the guard that kept the king's body, spake one to another;

Let every one of us write a sentence; he whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others, unto him shall King Darius give great gifts, and he shall sit next

to Darius because of his wisdom, and shall be called Darius his cousin.

The first wrote, Wine is the strongest.

The second wrote, The king is the strongest.

The third wrote, Women are strongest; but above all things Truth beareth away the victory.

Now when the king was risen up, they took their writings, and delivered them unto him, and so he read them:

And he said unto them, Declare unto us your mind concerning these writings. Then began the first, who had spoken of the strength of wine:

And he said thus, O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine! it causeth all men to err that drink it;

It maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one; of the bondman and the freeman, of the poor man and the rich:

And it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt.

And when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out their swords.

But when they are from their wine, they remembereth not what they have done.

O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do this? And when he had so spoken, he held his peace.

Then the second, that had spoken of the strength of the king, began to say,

O ye men, do not men excel in strength, that bear rule over sea and land, and all things in them?

But yet the king is more

mighty: for he is lord of all these things, and hath dominion over them, and whatsoever he commandeth them they do.

If he bid them make war, the one against the other, they do it; if they get the victory, they bring all to the king, the spoil and all things else.

And yet he is but one man: if he command to kill, they kill; if he command to spare, they spare.

Likewise they that are no soldiers, but farmers, when they have reaped that which they had sown, they bring it to the king, and compel one another to pay taxes unto the king:

O ye men, how should not the king be mightiest, when in such sort he is obeyed? And he held his tongue.

* Then the third, who had spoken of women, and of the Truth, (this was Zorobabel) began to speak.

O ye men, it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine, that excelleth in strength; who is it then that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them? Are they not women?

Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land.

Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver, or any other goodly thing, do they not love a woman which is comely in favor and beauty?

A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife.

By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you: do ye not labour and toil, and give all to the woman?

Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and to steal, to sail upon sea and rivers;

and when he hath stolen, spoiled and robbed, he bringeth it unto his love.

Yea, many there be who have gone out of their wits for love.

Is not the king great in power? Yet did I not see Apame, the daughter of the noble Bartacus, sitting at the right hand of the king, and taking the crown from the king's head, and setting it on her own head; she also struck the king with her left hand.

And yet for all this the king gazed at her with open mouth; if she laughed, he laughed also.

O ye men, how can it be but women should be strongest, seeing they do thus?

Then he began to speak of Truth.

O ye men great is the earth, high is the heaven, swift is the sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens, and fetcheth course again to his own place in one day. Is not He greatest greatest who made these things? Therefore great is His Truth, and stronger than all things.

Wine is wicked. the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works, and in their unrighteousness shall they perish.

As for God's Truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore.

It is the strength, kingdom, power and majesty, of all ages. Blessed be the God of Truth!

And with that he held his peace. And all the people then shouted and said, Great is Truth, and mighty above all things."



Let our lives and lips express
The holy Gospel we profess:
Let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

A LIFE STORY.

In the year 1910 he was making a dishonest living as faking clairvoyant and confidence man. At an open air meeting in Chicago that year he heard the Gospel preached, and became so convicted of sin that he finally could not endure the remorse of his conscience any longer. At the Pacific Garden Mission he accepted Christ as his Saviour. He soon became acquainted with some of the Moody students who were doing personal work at the Mission, and from them he heard about the Moody Bible Institute, and at once determined that he would enter the school and train himself for Christian service.

His conversion was so clean-cut and thorough, and the change in his life so real and radical, that all who heard his story were impressed by it, and God used him in a wonderful way in leading others out of darkness into light.

When he had been in school about a year, he came to the superintendent and said that he had been writing letters to about twenty people from whom he had at one time and another stolen money, confessing his sin, enclosing a small amount of money, and promising to restore to them the full amount as soon as he could earn it.

He told them that he had become a Christian and that he was in the Moody Bible Institute, preparing himself for Christian work. He showed me several of the replies which he had received from the different firms, one of them being from the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis. These letters of confession and restitution constituted his Christmas presents for that year.

A few days later he came to me, and said that he did not feel that he ought to remain in the school any longer, but that it was his duty to go out and secure employment, and earn and pay back \$11,000, the amount of money which he had stolen. He secured at once a situation with the Quaker Oats Company of Chicago, and at the end of the first quarter he won the third prize for efficiency as a salesman.

In the meantime he had written to his wife in California, who had deserted him: and she agreed to return to him.

About this time another chapter in his early life began to trouble his conscience. He had deserted from the United States navy; and the more he thought of it, the more he felt confident he ought to confess this sin also and make what restitution lay in his power.

Accordingly he wrote to the United States government, telling them he had entered the navy at such a date and under such a name, which was a false one, and that he deserted at a certain date and place.

He was ordered to report to Chicago and from there he was sent to Brooklyn to be tried by court martial.

The officers who tried him were so convinced of his genuine repentance that they decided to give him all possible leniency, and accordingly they sentenced him to return to his former position in the navy and serve out his unexpired term, with the assurance that if his conduct was satisfactory he was to receive an honorable discharge.

Within a few weeks he was conducting five different services

each Sunday. He was preaching to six hundred seamen at one service, besides conducting a Sunday School Bible class and two or three prayer meetings of various kinds.

He had not been on the vessel long before he discovered that there was a law to this effect, that, if a man could not support his family by his earnings in the navy, but could earn sufficient for his family's support elsewhere, he was entitled to a discharge. He applied to the proper official to know whether this applied to him, and he was informed that it

did, and that, if he could prove to them that he could obtain work sufficient to support his family outside of the navy, he would be entitled to a discharge.

He wrote at once to the Quaker Oats Oats Company, and received a reply, stating that he could have his former position at any time when he applied for it.

He showed this letter to the commanding officer, received his discharge, and now is living with his wife and earning money as fast as he can to repay the \$11,000 that he owes.

LETTERS.

Vanceboro, N. C.

May 26, 1913.

Dear Mr. Brown:

This leaves my family and me all well and getting along all right. I like my new home fine all except I miss my church and Sunday School, but that don't keep me from serving the Lord. I am serving Him just the same, if I can't go to church. But if nothing happens I want to be with you all next Sunday. My wife told me when she came back home that they were working on the new chapel. I am glad they have got the chapel started, and hope they will soon have it completed.

Well, I must close for this time. Hoping to be with you all Sunday.

Yours faithfully,
OLLIN JOHNSON.

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ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL,

SEWANEE, TENN.

June 3, 1913.

My dear Father Brown:

Father Hughson gave me your

letter. I am most interested in the prospect of coming to you for an eight-days' preaching. We must both pray about it very earnestly, that the Lord may give us an abundant blessing.

The date you suggest, Sept. 14 to 21, would be satisfactory to us if it is as late as you think would be wise. Father Hughson spoke of putting it in the Summer or early Fall, in accordance with what he thought was your desire. But if you think it expedient to ask for a later appointment, he directed me to say that he would be glad to arrange it with you. He wishes, in any case, to know what date you choose and will decide upon it. I have no doubt that you may have two Sundays.

The preparation of the parish for the Mission would consist in regular prayers, both in the church and in the private devotions of the people, for a blessing on the preaching; also, I would suggest that we use the Mirfield Mission Hymnal. We have several hundred of these, and I have no doubt I can secure them from Holy Cross, for any September date, at least. It

would be good to put them in the people's hands to learn certain of the old hymns, like "Draw Me Nearer," and "Oh, Come to The Merciful Saviour." I would gladly point out those we have found most helpful. The expense to you would be the expressage to and from West Park, N. Y. If you agree with me about this, please let me know about how many people at the outside we shall be likely to have at the services.

The public advertising would better not begin until three or four weeks before the Mission; but keep the people of the parish in mind of it regularly. Both the choir and the Brotherhood will be exceedingly useful to us.

Any information you can give me about the parish, such as the personnel of the congregation, etc., how much teaching they have had, would be useful to me. Of course, I do not know any of the conditions; indeed, I have never been in North Carolina.

Believe me

Yours faithfully in Christ,
MCVEIGH HARRISON, O. H. C.

◆◆◆
"ALL'S WELL."

"The day is ended Ere I sink to sleep.
My weary spirit seeks repose in
Thee.
Father, forgive my trespasses, and
keep
This little life of mine.

"With loving-kindness curtain Thou
my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-
feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head:
So shall my sleep be sweet.

"At peace with all the world, dear
Lord, and Thee.
No fears my soul's unwavering faith
can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave
for me
The morning light may break."

THE BELEAGURED CITY.

"I have read, in some old, marvellous
tale,

Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon over head,
There stood as in an awful dream
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of
man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and
wan
Beleagner the human soul.

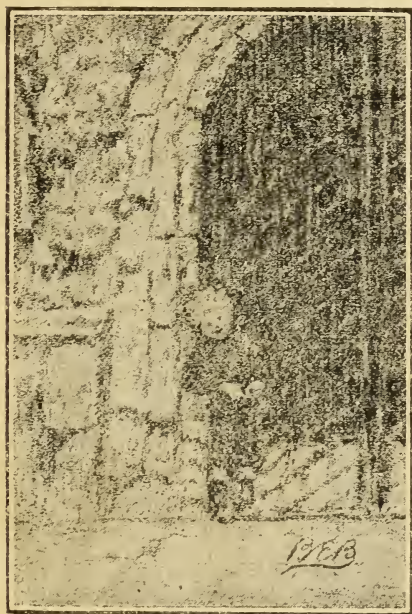
Encamped beside Life's rushing
stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-
bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead."



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

This is a pencil sketch of the door of St. Martin's Church, Canterbury, the oldest church in England, with the sexton's little flaxen haired boy leaning against the jamb.

That scene doubtless seems utterly remote in meaning as in distance to us here in North Carolina, but as a matter of fact it concerns us very nearly. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred of us are what we are today because of an event that occurred inside that door one thousand, three hundred and sixteen years ago.

We may figure it out this way: St. Martin's is the oldest Church in England, parts of its walls showing the flat, pink bricks of Roman times, laid long before our ancestors the wild heathen Saxons and Angles from Germany came to Britain. In this church on Whitsunday, June 2, 597 A.

D., St. Augustine, a missionary from Italy, baptized Ethelbert, king of Kent, the first Englishman in all the world who accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, we are in North Carolina all English speaking people, and our blood is purer English than that of the people of any other state in the Union. Our characters, customs, laws standards of conduct, codes of honor, are those our English ancestors of only three and four generations back handed down to us. We are what we are because of our heritage from them; they were what they were because of a thousand years of English Christianity; and that saving force comes flowing down the ages from the doorway of St. Martin's church as a great stream flows from a little fountain's mouth.

I said my prayers in St. Martin's and sat a long time thinking of all I had to thank God for. For three great blessings I was above all grateful—that He had brought me to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ—that He had called me to the Ministry of His Word, and that adding grace to grace, He had shown me one mercy more, by putting me to serve Him in the Church where my soul should find its happiest home.

There I sat in England's oldest church, where the first Christian Englishman received Holy Baptism, in the city where England's religion has its center. I was of as pure English blood as any Englishman. Every name that I ever heard of among my forbears was a good middle-class English name. My family name indeed was the very commonest of all English family names.

In these particulars I was like most of my fellow citizens of the Southern States of the Union. But unlike most of them I was not obliged to sit a stranger in my forefather's Church, her ancient liturgy foreign to my ears, my heart unresponsive to her ideals, the mighty names upon her bead roll of fame to me but discredited teachers and martyrs of an alien faith.

No, I count it one of God's mercies that I was able to say—

"Oh, Englishmen! in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers.

We, too, are heirs of Runnymede!
And Hooker's faith and Crammer's deed

Are not alone our Mother's!

"Kinsfolk and brethren, leagues of wave,

Nor length of years shall part us!
Your hope is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave.

The gift of saints and martyrs.

"Thicker than water, in one rill

Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed: and still
We share with you the good and ill,

The shadow and the glory."

PEACE AND WAR.

Jesus promised peace to those who love Him, but His great Apostle said he had "fought a good fight." How may one have peace and yet spend his life in fighting? God's peace is the result of the victory He gives us over the sin and doubt and misery in our own souls. The world offers us a peace too, which is the result of a truce between us and the sin and wrong and suffering in the world. This kind of peace God utterly abhors and repudiates for Himself, and forbids for us.

A Christian has peace within because God has given him the victory over sin in his soul. A

Christian forever fights sin without, because like God his Father, he hates all wrong and evil. The more complete your inward peace, the more intense your war with wrong in the world. The more complete your compromise with wrong without, the more terrible your lack of peace within.

"I do not pray for peace,
Nor ask that on my path
The sounds of war shall thrill no more
The way be clear of wrath,
But this I beg thee, Lord,
Steel thou my will with might.
And in the strife that men call life,
Grant me the strength to fight.

I do not pray for arms,
Nor shield to cover me.
What though I stand with empty hand
So be it valiantly?
Spare me the coward's fear—
Questioning wrong from right;
Lord, among these mine enemies,
Grant me the strength to fight.

I do not pray that Thou
Keep me from any wound.
Though I fall low from thrust and blow,
Forced fighting to the ground:
But give me wit to hide
My hurt from all men's sight.
And for my need the while I bleed,
Lord, grant me strength to fight.

I do not pray that Thou
Should grant me victory;
Enough to know that from my foe
I have no will to flee;
Beaten and bruised and banned,
Flung like a broken sword.
Grant me this thing for conquering—
Let me die fighting, Lord."

"Knowest thou Him, who forgave,
with the crown of thorns on His temples?
Earnestly prayed for His foes, for his murderers? Say dost thou know Him?
Ah! thou confessest His name, so follow likewise His example.
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
Guide the erring aright: for the good, the heavenly Shepherd
Took the lost lamb in His arms, and bore it back to its mother."



ST. MARY'S, SPEED.

PARISH MISSIONS.

FOUNTAIN MILLS.

We had our first service in the new chapel, Thursday, June 12. 't is a good little chapel, and we must all trust and pray and work that God will bless it to the salvation of many souls. At this service a brother who had for long fallen away from Christ stood up and confessed before all, and made his surrender to Christ again, and we prayed with him. May he keep close to the Saviour's side now.

On Thursday, June 19, all the congregation met after service in a social gathering with refreshments, and felt nearer together in God's love because of it.

TARBORO COTTON MILLS.

On Tuesday, June 10, over sixty of us enjoyed refreshments provided by the ladies of this Mission as a treat to the teachers from town and all Christians connected with the work.

It happened that a splendid series of moving pictures on the Life of Our Lord, taken on the actual sites in Palestine where

He lived and taught and worked His miracles and redeemed mankind, were being exhibited that night in town.

Arrangements had been made with the management for special prices, and after our social evening, all who could, came over to town and saw these wonderful and helpful pictures. There were thirty-three in the party.

There is a good branch chapter of the Brotherhood at work here now. We are determined to take at least one of these boys to New York with us next October to the General Convention of the Brotherhood.

LAWRENCE AND PARKER'S

On the third Sunday, Mr. Marshall Staton sent us out in his car. Good congregations met us at both missions.

KEECHTOWN.

Owing to the serious illness of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, at whose home we held service usually, our Monday evening prayer-meetings have been suspended.

On Friday, June 13, Willie Gray Harris, aged seven years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Harris was baptized on her sick bed, her condition to all human view being so serious as to warrant private baptism.

COUNTY FARM.

Mrs. John L. Bridgers sent us out to the County Farm on the first Sunday afternoon. There was a good congregation of neighbors, besides the inmates of the Home.

PARISH NOTES.

The following have been baptized within the past six months:

ADULTS.

Ella Elizabeth Cooper.
Clevie Perry.
Lena Curry.
Gray Whittaker.
Norman Barr.
Mary Barr.
Mary Louise Brown.
Annie Ruth Hoard.
Cleo Craft.
Charles Hoard.
William Samuel Clark.
Nora Denson.
Howard Parker.
William Rufus Worsley.
William Harris.

INFANTS.

James Edward Simmons.
Edward Woolard Pennington.
John Alexander.
Margaret Chesson Dozier.
Thomas Harrell.
Jackson Tadlock.
Willie Gray Harris.

The following have been confirmed:

Ollin Johnson.
Ellen French Cheshire.
Clevie Perry.
Augustus Harrell.
Berry Thomas.
Frank Holland.
Lindie Philpot.
Clennie Copeland.
Mardvin Hendrix.
Ella Elizabeth Cooper.

Ella Whittaker.
Iva Thomas
Mattie Harris.
Dorothy Pender.
Alice Howard Williams.
Frances Seagle Horne.
Catharine Pender.
Charles Edwin Hoard
Annie Ruth Hoard.
Mary Louise Brown.
Clara Vanie Craft.
William Samuel Clark.
William Harris.
William Rufus Worsley.
Howard Parker.
Rosa Parker.
Nora Denson.
Ella Banning Pender.
Janie Olivia Moore.
Louise Clark.
James Tadlock.



Over one hundred women of the parish met at the social gathering on the Cheshire lot, and spent two happy hours. It is a shame that in so small a parish as this there should ever be two brothers or sisters in Christ unknown to each other. I have often threatened to have the church door locked some Sunday morning during service, and kept shut till every single person there knew every other as Christians ought to know each other. Meetings like this however will render that heroic measure unnecessary.

In this issue will be found a letter from the Rev. Father McVeigh Harrison, O. H. C., in reference to the mission he is to preach here next September.

Father Harrison belongs to the Order of the Holy Cross, whose members are under vows of celibacy, poverty and obedience, which means that they cannot marry, nor own anything at all, and that they have to do exactly what their Father Superior tells them to do. They are holy men who for Christ's sake have renounced much that the natural human heart holds dear, and live active, useful lives of Christian service, teaching and preaching and laboring ceaselessly for the good of their fellow-men, and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Please let us all do all we can from now till he comes and afterwards, to make this mission a success, under God. Begin to pray now for God's blessing on it. That will first of all fit your own heart to receive the message, and then God will answer your prayers by opening other hearts to receive it too. Tell others about it; try to bring indifferent people to hear God's Gospel now, for so they will be better prepared to hear it then; talk to sinners now about their souls,

and maybe by God's help, you will get them and yourself ready for the highest blessing then; work and pray, pray and work, and let us all together do our part!

If it is so that you see this good Priest in God's Church do some thing unfamiliar to you, or say something that sounds strange to you, for God's sake and for the sake of souls we are all longing to bring to Christ, please make no unkind comment, but read Ephesians 4:1-13, and work and pray with faith and hope and love in your heart.



I have already written to make an appointment for Archdeacon Stuck of Alaska to come to us this Autumn. He will be at the the General Convention, and as soon thereafter as may be he will make us a visit. He was my roommate at Sewanee twenty years ago. But my desire for him to come is because he is one of the greatest workers in one of the most difficult fields so far as natural obstacles go, of all the Lord's great vineyard. He has a great number of fine lantern slides of his wonderful work among Esquimaux and Klondyke miners, and we may expect a treat in that way.

BISHOP DOANE ON HIS DOG.

"I am quite sure he thinks that I am
God—
Since he is God on whom each one
depends
For life, and all things that his bounty
sends—
My dear old dog, most constant of all
friends:
Not quick to mind, but quicker far
than I
To Him whom God I know and own:
his eye
Deep brown and liquid, watches for
my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod

Than I, when God His wise correc-
tions sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words
e'er spake:
And from me never crumb nor sup will
take
But he wags thanks with his most
vocal tail:
And when some crashing noise wakes
all his fear,
He is content and quiet if I am near,
Secure that my protection will pre-
vail:
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trust-
ful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should
be."

DIARY.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15.

7.30. Holy Communion.

9.45. Bible Class, Subject, Samuel's Accounting for His Judgeship. Class contributed \$5.00 a week towards hire of nurse for little sick girl.

11.00. Morning Prayer; Subject, The Seer's House. Old gentleman present at Church and Sunday School who used to sit in Mr. Matthew Weddell's class in the chapel fifty-four years ago. He sat in the same pew and tried to feel like a little boy again. Hope he succeeded.

12.30. Said prayers with man at hospital with typhoid fever.

2:00. Left for Parker's and Lawrence in Marshall Staton's car with Oswald Alexander. Mrs. E. Pennington, Miss Mamie Bryan, Mrs. Brown and two little children.

3:00 Service at Red Hill School-house; Subject, The Ark of the Covenant.

4:30. Service at Grace Church, Lawrence; Subject, St. Barnabas.

8:00. Evening Prayer; Subject, I believe in Jesus Christ.

10:30. Went to bed with a headache and fever. Couldn't sleep. Got up and read Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge."

MONDAY.

Fever. Slept till 9:30. Wrote articles for Christian Worker.

4:00. Attended meeting of Junior Auxiliary, and talked about Christian work.

5:00. Went to see Doctor about fever. He gave me some quinine.

5:30. To see little sick boy.

6:00. Collected money for Church at Roanoke Rapids.

7.00. Said prayers with little sick girl.

9:00. Went to reception at Mr. George Howard's.

11:00. Went to bed feeling bad.

TUESDAY.

8:30.-12:00. Wrote letters. Wrote copy for Christian Worker.

1:00-2:30. Finished "Mayor of Casterbridge."

3:00-6:00. Made visits. Talked with ——— about his soul. He certainly is an awful sinner, but says he is better than any Christian in town and really seems to think so. May God convict him of sin!

8:00. Service at Tarboro Cotton Mill; Subject, Daniel in the Lion's Den.

9:00. Meeting of Branch Chapter of Brotherhood. Directed meeting.

9:30. Meeting of 13 Club with Mr. Holderness. Subject for discussion, "Immigration to Edgecombe County, introduced by Mr. Geo. Howard. Only four of the original members of the Club are left. I thought of how I used to smoke at these Club meetings. Three cigars were my usual number. I smoked as much for eighteen years as any man ever did in the world. No man could have smoked more, for I smoked all day and nearly all night, cigars, pipes and cigarettes.

Now the odor of a cigar, even a room full of smoke, does not excite the least desire for it in me. It is neither pleasant nor unpleasant—I simply am indifferent to it.

12:00 To bed.

WEDNESDAY.

8:30-10.00. Wrote articles for Christian Worker.

10:00. Litany in Chapel; Subject, The Evils We Do and Do Not Deserve.

11:00-1:00. Corrected proof for Christian Worker.

3:00. Made visits. Said prayers with little sick girl.

6:00. Saw about furniture for mission chapel.

9:00-12:00. Played chess with Dr. Philips. Two good games.

12:10. To bed.

THURSDAY.

8:30-9:00. Wrote letters.

10:00-1:30. In country with Dr. Thigpen, Dr. Baker and Mr.

Nash to see sick lady and sick man. Had prayers with both.

2:00. Froze ice cream for a kind of function ladies were going to have at my house.

3:00. Began James' "Varieties of Religious Experience."

5:00-7:00. Made four visits.

7:00. Social Meeting at Fountain Mills.

8:00. Service in Chapel at Mills; Subject, The Heavenly Feast. Messrs. Forbes, Hart, Nash, Tom Harrell, Meeks, N. Taylor, Hoard, and Mrs. Forbes made remarks and testified.

SHORT SERMONS.

Glory in Tribulation. — "I, John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, was in the isle that is called Patmos." Rev. 1:9.

It was an old man exiled to a bare and lonely island who saw the pearly gates and golden streets of the City of God; only from the bottom of a deep and narrow well may one see the stars at noonday. Look up in your sorrow, dear brother, for from the depth of it you may see the Bright and Morning Star; be faithful in your grief, dear sister, for then it will attune your soul to hear the songs that are sung before the throne of God.

More Than We Expect. — "Then Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate, and Saul said, Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is. And Samuel answered Saul and said, I am the seer" 1 Sam. 9:18.

Saul asked merely for the seer's house, and lo! the seer himself met him at the gate; he sought only news of his father's cattle, and he found a kingly

crown. You determine to join the Church and profess God before men in so doing, but lo! as you come seeking entrance to God's house, God himself meets you at the gate—no one ever truly joined the Church who did not at the same time meet God. You are seeking to find there no more than your lost peace and innocence, maybe you are seeking only to bring back to your Father his poor lost children; but over and above what you seek, you shall receive a crown of life that fadeth not away!

GOD'S WORD IS

1. A Mirror to Show us Ourselves. Jas. 1:23.

2. A Hammer to Break Our Will. Jer. 23:29.

3. A Fire to Melt Our Heart. Mal. 3:2.

4. A Sword to Pierce our Conscience. Heb. 4:12.

5. A Seed to Quicken our Soul. 1 Peter 1:23.

6. A Laver to Cleanse our Church. Eph. 5:26.

7. A Light to Lighten our Path. Ps. 119:105.

ARCHDEACON STUCK.

Just before this issue goes to press the following Associated Press dispatch appears in all the daily papers. It should be read in connection with the last section of article on page 13. As you see, Archdeacon Stuck has climbed up to the highest point in America and planted a cross and sung a *Te Deum* there. There isn't hardly anything he won't do if he takes a notion that it ought to be done. That's the way he is. If it occurred to him that a cross should be erected and a triumphant anthem sung on top of any mountain, he would certainly step up and do it, even if the mountain was twice as high and twice as steep as this one.

ARCHDEACON STUCK
CABLES ACCOUNT
OF SUCCESS.

CLIMBED TO HIGHEST PEAK OF
HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA,
REACHING SUMMIT ON
JUNE 7.

(By the Associated Press.)

Seattle, Wash., June 20. — Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, the Episcopal missionary who set out from Fairbanks, Alaska, several months ago to climb Mount McKinley, reached the summit of the highest peak of the great mountain June 7th, according to a private cable dispatch received here today.

Archdeacon Stuck from Fairbanks, said:

"Expedition successful. Accomplished first complete ascent on Mount McKinley, June 7th.

"After completing observations of the summit we hoisted the American flag on the upper basin, erected a six foot cross and said '*Te Deum*' on the highest point of North America.

VACATION.

I have not had a day's vacation now for fourteen months, and I feel like taking one. Preaching nine times a week for over a year is bound to leave one more or less empty of thoughts and tired of nerves. My plan is to go to Gettysburg and stay about two weeks, reading all books about the battle, and studying the field, and taking several hundred pictures. Then I will prepare an illustrated lecture on the battle that will at least be of great interest to me. I tried to rest once by going off and doing absolutely nothing, and it makes me tired yet to think of it.

It is a great comfort, for which I thank God, that I can take a vacation like this in peace, untroubled by any fear that my people will suffer for want of the Gospel preached and public worship. Some men have to leave their churches closed—some have to employ a stranger to supply their place—but I do not have to do either, thank God, for there are so many Christian men in my parish, who can pray and preach as well as I can, willing and glad to stand in the breach and see to it that no service is omitted in church or at any of our flourishing missions. I wish I could come back *incognito* sometime and have them preach to me.

FOUR LINKS WITH CHRIST
IN COLOSSIANS.

1. Quickened with Christ. 2:13.
2. Risen with Christ. 3:1.
3. Hidden with Christ. 3:3.
4. Appearing with Christ. 3:4.

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